

## WHERE DO THE PENNIES GO?

Many Millions of Them Are Coined Every Year—Thousands Taken From Circulation.

Thousands of one-cent pieces are lost each year. More than a hundred and fifty million pennies are coined annually by the Philadelphia mint and only a small percentage of them are ever accounted for. They are swept up with the rubbish of the streets.

When the new Lincoln pennies were first placed in circulation thousands were used as souvenirs, never again to be placed in general circulation. Hundreds were gold-plated and silvered, to be used as cuff links and stickpins. Then, at nearly all country fairs there are machines that mutilate pennies—they flatten the one-cent piece, and stamp a view of the fair grounds on it. This does away with thousands of the pieces.

Not long ago over 100,000 pennies were shipped to Cuba and placed in circulation among the poor class of natives. Pennies are placed in circulation almost as fast as they are coined, but very few of them are ever heard of again. The American copper cent runs a close second to the pin, of which hundreds of millions are lost every year.

## SCHEME TO STOP REPEATING

Mission Head Stamped on the Beggar's Wrists "I Ate an Hour Ago."

For the first time in ten years the shabby man wore gloves, which he had wheeled out of an opulent alms-giver.

"Had to have 'em," he said, "to hide my wrists. Just see here."

The gloves were peeled off and the inscription, "I ate an hour ago," was shown on the back of each wrist.

"Been there two weeks," said the man, "and nothing but the mercy of heaven has kept me from starving to death. Clapped on with a rubber stamp that notice was, at a little missionary place where the down and outs can drop in every evening for a cup of coffee."

"The superintendent wanted to discourage repeating. He did it by means of a rubber stamp. I was one of the first guys he tried it on. The ink used that night was the kind that sticks in the wash, and every one of us poor devils who got a bite then have been advertising the fact ever since. The sign queues us at other free lunch places, for nobody will believe it is two weeks old. Maybe it will wear off some-time. Until it does it's gloves for mine."

## HELPING SINNING WOMEN.

Mrs. Jessie D. Hodder has been appointed superintendent of the Massachusetts Reformatory for Women. She has had considerable experience in caring for the feeble-minded and has studied the subject of erring girls thoroughly. One of her theories is that the mother should be allowed to keep the illegitimate child, and that in caring for it she will become a bigger and braver woman. She believes that the man will also be helped if he can be brought to take an interest in this illegitimate child.

## THE UNHAPPY JESTER.

"I hear poor Dobbs the humorist has gone to a sanitarium," said Binks.

"Yes," said Higgins; "he's worked himself into a state of nervous prostration that I fear is incurable."

"That's too bad," said Binks. "How did he come to do that?"

"Why, six weeks ago he got an answer to a riddle, one's a chau-fur and the other's a fur show, and he says he'll never be able to sleep until he finds the question it will make a good answer to," said Higgins.—Harper's Weekly.

## SALESMANSHIP.

"I'm afraid these shoes will not be big enough for me," said the lady customer, after she had with much difficulty and considerable help succeeded in getting one of them on.

"But see how nicely they show off your beautiful arched instep," said the clerk.

"Ah! It feels perfectly comfortable now. You may send them out, please."

## CAREFUL GIRL.

"Where are you going, Gladys Maud?"

"Down town to get a novel for mother. It is hard these days to find a book that is fit for one's mother to read."

## VICTOR HUGO'S GOLDEN GIFT.

How the Great Writer Rewarded the Chiffonnier Who Had Found His Lost Spoon.

A Paris chiffonnier makes a living of a sort, and he sometimes, in overhauling the dustbins, comes across a find. In this respect a Paris contemporary relates a capital story of Victor Hugo. A little silver gift souvenir spoon, which the poet valued very much, disappeared. Through the carelessness of the maid servant it had found its way into the ash bucket, and in due course into the hands of the chiffonnier who practiced in the district.

This worthy succeeded in getting the poet to awake from his reveries and to descend from the lofty heights of Olympus, in other words his study, to receive back the lost spoon. Hugo was delighted to get back his souvenir. The author of "Hernani" was never a prodigal, so he rewarded the chiffonnier by presenting him with a copy of his "Les Chansons des Rues et des Sois," saying: "There, my man, you will find in it as much gold as is contained in any jewel case in the world."—London Globe.

## TO WRITE DETECTIVE TALES

G. K. Chesterton, Who Does Them Himself, Gives Recipe for This Class of Stories.

For a man who writes detective stories G. K. Chesterton maintains a painfully skeptical attitude toward them. Here is "G. K. C.'s" recipe for the writing of this kind of literature, as given in the Illustrated London News:

"I like detective stories; I read them, I write them; but I do not believe them. The bones and structure of a good detective story are so old and well known that it may seem banal to state them even in outline. A policeman, stupid but sweet-tempered, and always weakly erring on the side of mercy, walks along the street, and in the course of his ordinary business finds a man in Bulgarian uniform killed with an Australian boomerang in a Brompton milk shop. Having set free all the most suspicious persons in the story, he then appeals to the bulldog professional detective, who appeals to the hawklike amateur detective.

"The latter finds near the corpse a bootlace, a button boot, a French newspaper, and a return ticket from the Hebrides, and so, relentlessly, link by link, brings the crime home to the archbishop of Canterbury."

## VERSATILE APPLICANT.

A young negro approached the manager of an Alabama theater the other day and said:

"Mistah, Ah wants to speak to authority."

"To what?" asked the manager.

"To authority."

"Oh, I'm the authority here. What is it?"

"Does yo' want to hiah a good comedian?"

"No."

"Ah song an' dance jest lak Mistah Buht Williams."

"Nothing doing."

The negro hung around. "Say, mistah," he said a moment later, "does yo need a good potah heah?"

"No, got one," said the manager.

The negro still hung around.

Finally he grinned and said:

"Well, say, Mistah Authority, is yo' got a ole suit of clothes yo' doan need?"

## GOAT IS MAKING ENEMIES.

A goat's peculiar taste for umbrellas is causing no little resentment amongst Brighton (England) citizens. On many promenades nowadays is fixed a basket-holder for umbrellas. This goat knows it, and whenever he has a chance, due to the nursemaid talking to a cousin, for instance, he seizes the opportunity to make a meal of the umbrella. A newspaper reporter saw him busy with a nice silk one the other day, tearing great mouthfuls out of it before the nurse discovered him. Then it was the nurse who was tearful.

## WISE.

"Marie, what was the preacher's text?"

"I heard it, but I've forgotten. You know I have a wretched memory."

"Well, I'll ask Mrs. Flutterby the next time I see her. She was there, wasn't she?"

"Yes—but I can't tell you anything about the hat she wore, mother, if you're trying to trap me."

## WISE MEN OF WALL STREET

They Are Called "Panic Birds" and Appear Only When a Tempest Is Impending.

There is an interesting class of men who are never seen on "the street" when everything is bright and buoyant, but who flock there in droves when a tempest breeds, and stocks fall 'way down to almost nothing. They descend upon "the street" to take advantage of such conditions, and buy up stocks when at their lowest, holding them until all is peace again, and then selling at a handsome profit. They are usually veterans of the market who "know the ropes," and buy when everyone else is selling, and sell when prices are high and everyone is buying. These "wise men" of Wall street are called "panic-birds," and they always soar high above "the street" in troublous times. One "panic-bird" has flown into the whirlpool of some twenty panics and has soared with a fortune of half a million. On the other hand, one young man, with a few thousands and some ordinary horse-sense, took a "flier" in Wall street for the first time at the height—or depth—of the 1907 panic, and came out practically a millionaire.—Strand.

## THE ANNUAL PROCEEDINGS



Dobbins—Pretty busy at your house?

Wobbins—Yes, my wife is preparing to go away to get tired for the summer.

## ANTIQUARIAN TREASURE.

Two curious skeletons were discovered recently by workmen who were laying water mains near the old river Ivel, at Biggleswade, North Bedfordshire, England, and they have now been removed to the British museum for the consideration of the British Antiquarian society. Antiquarians are of the opinion that they are the remains of a Phoenician chieftain and his wife. As they are in a good state of preservation, the relics are of almost priceless value. The skeleton of the male measured six feet six inches, and the head was massive. The woman was laid at right angles to the man, with her feet resting against the side of his body. Apparently, when her lord died, she was slain and buried with him, according to prehistoric custom.

## FEARED THE SEARCHLIGHT.

Dismay reigned amongst the inhabitants of the outer Western islands recently when a searchlight was played over their houses and fields during the visit of several warships. The islanders in their remote and lonely homes knew little of twentieth century inventions, and had no knowledge of this kind of light, and all took to prayer and Bible reading—considering that the lights were omens of coming evil. On the island of Colonsay, one of the Hebrides, H. M. S. Defence landed a big gun and 450 bluejackets. This is the biggest invasion of armed men the island has known since the days of the clan feuds.—London Mail.

## POINTER FOR HOUSEWIVES.

Sububs—Well, I've just engaged two girls at the intelligence office.

Urbano—Going to keep two maids now?

Sububs—Mercy, no! I engaged one to come Monday and the other a week from Monday, when No. 1 will no doubt be leaving. I can't spend all my time hunting intelligence offices.—Judge.

## SYMPATHETIC.

"I have no patience with Dubbins. He sneers at Velasquez."

"Well, I don't care much for foreigners myself, but if Velasquez is a friend of yours, I don't blame you for getting sore."

more a tramp explains the longer sentence they give him. Five days was what he would have got had he kept still; ten days was what he really did get for saying that walking was his fad. His honor said that he could do that stunt of 15 miles a day in the jail corridor.

Miss Bessie Erlanger sat in a rocker on the veranda reading a book when a man drove up in a buggy and came along up the path with a bundle under his arm. When he had introduced himself as Constable Swan he said:

"I thought you might help me to unravel this Sherlock Holmes mystery. First, I arrest a tramp in town—a young fellow who gives the name of Tillman and a song and dance about being educated and rich; also another about being robbed; also one about knowing your family. You don't know any tramp, do you?"

"Mercy, no!"

"Then a farmer calls me by telephone to arrest a tramp hanging about his barn. I do so, and I find him in a good suit of clothes, a hundred dollars in his pocket, and more clothes in a bundle. In the bundle is this letter addressed to you. You are not corresponding with any tramp, I take it?"

"Sir!"

"Beg pardon, Miss. Please open the letter."

"But the handwriting is that of a girl and I'm sure I have seen it before."

"Then the mystery deepens and Sherlock must get to work."

Of course the note was plain enough. Brother Harry was to call



Helped Himself to It.

and leave it. Why hadn't he called? Where was he? How came his effects in possession of the tramp?

"Mighty queer—mighty queer," said the constable as he shook his head. "Some mighty queer things in this detective business."

"And there are some fool constables meddling with them!" exclaimed the girl as she sprang to her feet and made a dive into the house for her hat. "Now, then, I'm going to town with you. Gallop your old horse all the way. Drive straight to the jail. At the very least you will be sued for \$50,000 damages."

"My soul, but what have I done but arrest two tramps!"

It didn't take over five minutes, after the jail was reached, for Sherlock Holmes to solve that case and the justice who made the ten-day sentence couldn't be quick enough about remitting the remainder of it. The suit against him, according to Miss Bessie, would be \$100,000. The tramp who gobbled the clothing owned up to it like a man, and Mr. Tillman was driven out to the Erlanger residence almost as fast as his rescuer had been driven in.

"You poor, dear boy," everybody called him, and he rather liked it.

Then and there he gave up walking his 15 miles per day, and only walked with Miss Bessie about the grounds. Then and there he announced his intention to leave the ranks of those hungering for the world's championship, and it was not so very long ago that a blushing girl blushing said:

"Yes, give it up now, though I am glad you didn't before you reached Sanford."

"Why?" he asked. But she blushed and wouldn't answer.

## DUE TO ENVIRONMENT.

"Pa, what is home-grown philosophy?"

"Home-grown philosophy, my son, is the kind that develops in a man who is married to a strong-minded woman."

V. L. GATES.

E. W. BRACKROGGE.

## GATES &amp; BRACKROGGE,

(Successors to E. H. Williams) Opera House Building

108 South Main Street,

## BAR and RESTAURANT

## AND LUNCH ROOM.

Our place has been remodeled and we guarantee the best of service. We especially have some fine Wines and Liquors for medicinal purposes. Prompt delivery to any part of the city.

## GATES &amp; BRACKROGGE.

Cumb. Phone 315.

Home Phone 1157.

## The Hopkinsville HOME TELEPHONE CO.

Incorporated.

Has More Than 1,300 Connections In Its County Service.

Manager's Office.....1444

## Prompt Attention to Decayed Teeth

## SAVES MONEY &amp; SUFFERING

No Charge For Examination.

## Dr. Feirstein's

DENTAL OFFICE. NEXT TO COURTHOUSE.  
EXTRACTIONS 25c. FILLINGS 75c.

Open Nights.

Both Phones.

## Cook WITH GAS CITY LIGHT COMPANY,

Incorporated.

## H. C. MOORE,

## Livery, Feed and Board Stable

We make a specialty of good rigs and gentle horses for ladies, also have something to suit everybody.

Percy Smithson will be with me and will be glad to see all of his old friends.

H. C. MOORE.

## CASH GROCERY

9TH ST., ODD FELLOWS BUILDING.

SANDERS JOHNSON, Manager.

Free Delivery Call and get my Prices. Everything Nice, Clean, Fresh and New.

Don't take my word, but come and see.

Respectfully,

J. K. TWYMAN.